

It's Just Porn.

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It's Just Porn.

by [chaoswashere_X](#)

Summary

Nigel works in het porn, because he's always labeled himself as a heterosexual. So when he's scheduled to shoot a film with a man, he's taken aback.

Until he gets a look at this "Guillaume" 's work. He's suddenly not so opposed to the shoot he's scheduled for on Friday.

Kinktober Day 10: Forced Feminization

Notes

"Guillaume" is the French equivalent for the name "William", and I've always adored the headcanon that Will's father called him Guillaume as a child growing up in the south.

So, there's the short explanation as to why that's Will's stage name :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

When Nigel moved to America at the ripe age of fifty to escape some unhappy pals back in Bucharest, he'd expected to take some manual labor job in some factory.

And in some ways, Nigel could play his job off as manual labor.. but it definitely doesn't take place in a factory. At least, not yet.

His job usually takes place in rented studios or hotel rooms, surrounded by many other people.

Shortly after Nigel moved to America, he ran into an agent who was very interested in giving him a position in their company.

He didn't learn what this company was about until his first arranged meeting with this agent.

Porn.

This agency wanted Nigel to work in porn. He couldn't believe his ears when they'd told him, but he wasn't overly shocked that they wanted him specifically.

He's aware of how he looks.

The agent gave her pitch, and invited Nigel to come in for auditions, which were scheduled for the next week.

He received a contract soon after the audition. He signed it after reading it over, the money would pay his bills, and he wasn't apposed to the idea of having sex with pretty ladies for a paycheck.

Nigel quickly became a hit in straight porn, and the offers came running in only a few months into his career.

When his year-long contract ended with his current agency, he took up another offer that would pay a much larger salary than his current company.

His first few months with this new company went smoothly, and Nigel even went out with one of the girls he'd worked with for a few weeks.

It wasn't a big surprise to Nigel when he looked over the outline of the script for his next shoot, and saw a male's name. He's grown used to threesomes or moresomes during his career, so it's no big deal. Nigel isn't so insecure that his penis touching another man's penis bothers him.

He's just fine with that.

But he sees no other names in this script.

Just him and someone by the name of “Guillaume Graham”, which is undeniably french.. and male.

Nigel doesn't work with many fellow Europeans, so he has to assume that it's a stage name.

His eyes snap to his watch to check the time, and deems that it is still early enough in the night that he could call Molly, his agent.

He pulls out his phone and digs for her number, he brings it to his ear and waits, hearing it ring no more than twice before she picks up.

“Nigel, I've been expecting your call.” She explains in a sweet tone.

“What the fuck is this?” Nigel questions, voice showing just an edge of his irritation.

“I'm assuming you received the script for Friday's shoot.” Molly taps her fingers on her desk.

“We never agreed on any gay shit.” Nigel explains, voice cold and dangerous.

“You're right. I'm sorry I didn't discuss it with you before I signed off on the offer.” Molly apologies, her voice becoming softer as she tries to hide away from the aggression she hears in Nigel's voice.

There's a moment of silence between them, then Molly speaks again, “Did you at least read the script?”

“No. I skimmed over the names connected to the lines, and I'm pretty un-fucking-happy that I'll be banging a dude.” Nigel growls out, picking the script up off his lap just to slap it back down.

“If you would read the script and description of the film, I think that you'd be much less upset about this.” Molly lectures as Nigel flips open the script again to read it, “Have you looked him up?”

“No, I haven't.” Nigel admits, finding the description of the film at the top of the script.

Molly is quiet while Nigel reads over the full overview of the scene. In the second line it reads “Forced Feminization”. This peaks Nigel's interest.

“What does that mean? Forced feminization?” Nigel asks, mainly to himself, but also to Molly.

“It means that he'll be dressed up like a slutty girl, and you'll act like he's a woman during the entire scene.” Molly picks at her fingernails as she explains the basics to Nigel.

“Straight guy fucks sissy twink?” Nigel scoffs, though he's intrigued.

“Oh, Nigel. You need to look up Graham before Friday, he's so far from a twink.” Molly doesn't want Nigel to think that he's getting a petite little fuck toy, so she's very insistent that he looks up some of this man's work.

“As long as I’m not the one with cock stuffed in my ass.” Nigel sighs out, rubbing his neck.
“A hole is a fucking hole, I guess.”

Molly thinks of bringing up Nigel’s last sentence, question him about what he means. She isn’t going to be the one to challenge Nigel’s own labels on his “straight” identity.

“Thank you for keeping an open mind, Nigel. This could lead you into a whole new window of opportunities, if you perform well. Which I know you will, you always do.” She says instead.

“I don’t want to go into gay porn, Molly.” Nigel sets his boundary, already upset with having to do it just this once.

“Okay, okay. But seriously, Nigel, thank you. Read over the script, and if you really don’t like it, give me another call and I’m sure I can find you a way out of it.”

“I’ll read it. Goodnight, Molly.” Nigel speaks his farewell, then hangs up. He doesn’t thank her for offering an escape, because he shouldn’t need an escape in the first place. He’s a straight man, he shouldn’t be doing gay porn.

He knows that it’s quite common for straight guys to branch off into gay porn, but he never thought that he would be doing it himself.

He reads over the full script once he’s stripped down to his boxers, and settled into bed.

He has to admit, it’s really not too bad. He really will just be treating this man like a woman. He’ll even call his asshole a “pussy” during the film.

This has him thinking of the kind of films that “Guillaume Graham” makes, are they all like this? Feminized?

He pulls out his laptop from his backpack, and returns back to his bed, he powers it on, and goes to his browser, he types the man’s name into the search bar.

It doesn’t take much digging at all to find his videos, and Nigel is immediately shocked at the sight in front of him.

Guillaume is drop dead fucking gorgeous.

He’s got dark brown curls, in some thumbnails, it’s long and bouncy, and in others, his hair is short and slicked back to appear very masculine.

He clicks over to the “photos” tab that’s connected to his name, and is hit with another wave of shock.

He truly didn’t know that a man could look beautiful, especially with his rock hard cock out.

Nigel shakes away the thought. He’s just researching a new co-star. He’s done it before under the advice of Molly, so this isn’t anything new.

But Nigel feels so fucking dirty looking at this gorgeous man, naked, bent over, and showing off his pretty pink hole.

Nigel's cock feels dirty, reacting favorably to the naughty pictures of Will, all professionally taken in studios.

Nigel clicks back over to the "videos" tab, staring at the moving thumbnails when he puts his mouse over one.

Nigel stares in awe as the thumbnail of a video titled "Pretty Muscle Bottom, Guillaume Graham Swallows Down XXL Cock."

The thumbnail is repeating a short clip of Guillaume, his lips stretched wide around a large dick. His eyes roll back, tears forming when the cock thrusts into his mouth roughly.

Semen is dripping from the corners of his mouth, and we can see his Adam's Apple bob up and down slowly as he drinks this cock's release.

Nigel's own cock is now very interested in this man, the hard length straining against the elastic material of his boxer briefs.

Nigel reaches down to adjust himself, palming his throbbing cock until it sits more comfortably in his underwear. The readjustment provides very little comfort.

His mouse travels over to a backshot of Guillaume, his ass being pounded into by a "Hung Brown Bear", as the title puts it.

He's clicking the video before he can think better of it, interested in what Guillaume sounds and acts like.

The scene starts with Guillaume laying out on the couch playing video games on a controller, fully clothed. His hair is longer in this video, and his eyes sharp as they follow around objects on the TV supposedly in front of him.

His dark skinned co-star enters the room shortly after Guillaume strips his shirt, pretending to be hot in the open living room.

The co-star's face is cropped out of frame, an odd choice for a production of high value.

"You've been playing this fucking game all day," The co-star reads off his lines, his voice gruff and (poorly) sounding angry. "Why don't you want to spend time with me anymore, my love?"

Ah, it's Nigel's least favorite kind of film. The one that he lived in real life. The couple that's torn apart and angry at each other all the time.

"I know, I know, I'm just struggling to beat this level." Guillaume groans out, bashing the buttons on the controller a little harder to emphasize his point. Nigel has to admit that he's not terrible at acting, he seems really frustrated.

“What can I do to make up for this lost time?” He asks, turning to look up at his faceless co-star innocently, who stands directly behind him on the sofa.

And suddenly, we’ve switched to a POV shot, staring down at Will’s teasing, begging face.

Nigel now applauds the director’s decision to keep the co-star’s face out of the camera’s view. Makes this scene feel much more personal.

“You know exactly how.” A voice comes from behind the camera.

The co-star is more than likely wearing the camera on his face, capturing exactly what he’s seeing.

Guillaume gets to his knees eagerly, turning so his elbows rest on the headrest of the couch as he skillfully removes his co-star’s belt.

He’s unzipping the fly as soon as the belt is loosened, pulling out the length that was hiding from him.

Nigel must admit, the title did not lie. This guy is most certainly hung. There’s at least eleven inches on him.

Nigel feels a pang of sympathy for Guillaume, remembering the reason why he had clicked on this particular video in the first place.

The back shot.

It sounds like Nigel will be in a similar situation with this man by the end of the week, so truly, this is just research.

If this is just research, then why is Nigel rock fucking hard watching his male co-star’s hole be stretched out by this guy’s fingers.

It’s porn, of course he’s going to get hard. That’s what it meant to do, and he knows all the tricks to make it happen himself.

The hung co-star is now making his way into Guillaume’s arched body, holding onto his hair as he fucks into the poor man.

And oh.. oh the sounds.

Guillaume is one hell of an actor. He’s panting and moaning just the right amount, and he’s got such a pretty voice.

Nigel is almost convinced that he’s enjoying this rough treatment, but he knows very few pornstars that genuinely enjoy sex with every co-star they have.

Guillaume’s face is now shoved down into the couch, and he’s peering up into the camera, mouth agape and panting.

Holy shit.

Nigel's head is spinning with hormones, the need to get off a high priority in his mind now.

He moves the laptop off of his lap, and pulls down his boxers. His eyes never leaving the alluring, erotic scene in front of him.

Nigel spits in his hand without care, and grabs his dick in a harsh grip, jerking at a slow, solid pace as Guillaume practically mewls with his pleasure.

In the back of his mind, he's thinking two things:

"What the hell am I doing? I'm a straight man, I shouldn't be this affected, even if it is porn."

"Holy fucking shit, if he looks at me like that during our shoot, I don't know if I'll be able to hold my load."

Nigel picks up his pace when Guillaume's eyes fall shut, and his fingers start searching for a hold to reality, obviously getting very close to his release.

Nigel feels close to his release too, balls drawing in close. He's not sure he's ever gotten this close this fast, even when he's balls deep inside a perfect pussy.

Guillaume's moans turn into fast pants, and that's what pushes Nigel over the edge. He comes hard and heavy over his laptop's screen. All over that pretty, masculine face and body.

What a fucking mess.

He cleans himself up, pauses the video, and cleans his laptop screen.

He gets up to make himself a cup of coffee, returning to his kitchen table instead of his bed.

He's starting to question himself now that his orgasmic bliss is dying down.

Straight men don't get off to men gasping and pleading with a dick up their ass.

Maybe Nigel could make a living in gay porn after all.. if this shoot goes to plan.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Here's the big scene!!

If Forced Feminization is something that will bother you.. then first of all.. why did you click on this? Second of all, I don't recommend you read this chapter, because Will is feminized!

Friday comes around just as slowly as Nigel figured it would.

He arrives on set thirty minutes early, per request of his agent, Molly. He goes to meet her for a quick check in before heading to the small room they've dedicated to him.

He digs in his bag for a moment to find his magic blue pill. He doesn't need them for every scene, but they're helpful for scenes that don't have much buildup, like this one.

He moves over to the tiny fridge and freezer in the corner of the room, he pulls out a bottle of bourbon that was kept in the freezer.

He finds a whiskey glass right beside the fridge, and pours himself a healthy glass. He takes a swig before throwing back the pill, grimacing at the burn of the liquor.

Molly let him know that there'd be a makeup artist coming in to attempt to hide his long scar on his stomach, and all his bullet wounds. So, he isn't surprised when he hears a heavy, confident knock at his door.

The door is opening before Nigel even has a chance to potentially protest it.

A slim Asian woman comes in, a big bag on her hip, and a displeased look on her face.

She sets her shit down, then takes a seat at the only table in the small room. She stares blankly at Nigel, waiting for him to move over to her.

"Name's Beverly, Bev. Come on big guy, I ain't got all day, I've got a lot of work to do, not a lot of time to do it."

Nigel strips his shirt and pants before moving over to her. She doesn't wince at the large scar like so many other makeup artists have before.

She jumps right to work, prepping Nigel's skin for the wax that will fill in his bullet wounds; he's got several on his torso, and a few on his legs.

She fills them in beautifully, blending the wax to look like it's just a part of his body.

"They tell me this is your first time in gay porn, and that's why they're dressing Will up like a lady. You nervous?" She asks from her kneeling position. She's working on smoothing out the large raised scar that always gives artists a hard time.

Nigel furrows his brows at the name, he's supposed to be working with Guillaume today.

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Nigel feels like a fucking idiot. He lets out a laugh at himself, connecting the dots in his brain.

The French name "Guillaume" is the direct equivalent to the English name "William".

"Nervous laughter? There's no need to be nervous. Will's a good guy, I'm sure you'll get along just fine." Bev looks up to smile at him.

Nigel just flashes a friendly smile back at her. When she goes back for more wax, he turns his torso to reach for his cigarettes.

"Do you mind?" Nigel asks politely. He knows that some Americans can get snappy if you don't ask before lighting up a cigarette indoors.

"Not at all." Bev mutters, going back to smoothing down the scar. She's nearly done now, and Nigel has to applaud her amazing time.

She's moved onto color correction of his scar when Nigel has his cigarette lit. Her makeup brush kinda tickles against his damaged nerve endings, but he's grown used to the feeling over his career.

He takes a drag of his cigarette before he speaks, "I've never banged a dude before, I don't even know how to make it good for him."

Bev laughs, but not in a mocking way. "There's no need to worry, you're totally Will's type. Even if you're really shit at this, he'll be able to act like he loves it."

That doesn't so much to comfort Nigel. He doesn't understand why he wants to be comforted, or why he cares about Will's pleasure.

It's just porn.

"You know about the prostate gland, right?" Beverly asks as she moves off of Nigel to put away her brushes and wax.

"Yeah, I had an exam shortly after my fiftieth." Nigel explained, exhaling the smoke he held stored in his lungs.

"Angle your hips down towards Will's penis while you're thrusting, the prostate is just above it." Bev explains, providing some very unhelpful visuals. "It's about the size of a walnut, you should be able to hit it, even in your inexperience."

Nigel nods, that is helpful. Beverly's eyes glance down to Nigel's neck, his tattoo and she groans. "I have no idea how I missed that. I'll go ask if they want it covered up."

Bev makes a quick escape to go find the director, taking her makeup bag with her incase she doesn't have to come back to cover the tattoo.

Nigel glances over at the clock and realizes he's got about fifteen more minutes until the shoot starts, Beverly was a fast worker. He showered before he arrived, and was tested yesterday, so he's got nothing else to do but wait for his wardrobe to arrive.

He finishes his cigarette and disposes of it in the ashtray they have provided for him. He figures that Molly probably pushed for one, because most places in America don't provide ashtrays unless it's outdoors.

He hears a knock at his door, and calls a quick affirmative that it's open. The door does open, but he doesn't turn his head until a moment later, when a masculine voice is clearing his throat.

"Bev asked me to bring you your wardrobe. Also wanted me to pass on the message that they're not gonna cover your tat." A firm voice explains, and Nigel is shocked to see Will in his dressing room.

Will shoves the hanger out, expecting Nigel to take it from him. He does, moving over to come face to face with the man.

It's a simple outfit, one very similar to the one he was wearing before Beverly came to repair his bodily flaws.

Will is carrying his own wardrobe in the other hand, it's nothing like what he's currently wearing.

"Thank you." Nigel bumbles out stupidly, moving to set down the hanger on the queen size bed in the middle of the room.

"Will Graham." The younger man explains, sticking out his right hand for a handshake. Nigel takes it with a smile, replying with his own name.

Nigel's throat feels tight at the strength of the handshake, reminding himself that this isn't a woman, that Will is definitely a man.

"Get dressed and ready, there's barely any foreplay. I don't want to wait for you to get hard." Will explains, obviously annoyed from the amount of times he's had to wait on a co-star to get their shit together.

"Already took my pill. I'll be hard and ready for you, gorgeous." Nigel replies, a hint of a tease in his voice. He knows how unprofessional it is, but he always likes to tease and flirt with his co-stars, it makes things seem less awkward and tense.

And he's going to treat Will like any other of his co-stars, even if he isn't a woman.

That's what he's here to do, actually. Treat Will like a woman. Like he's having straight sex.

The term "forced feminization" pops into Nigel's brain again, and suddenly he has a question that he can't hold back from asking.

"Are you okay with this?" Nigel asks, realizing that he needs to provide more information. "Y'know, filming with a straight guy? Being treated like a woman?"

"You're not the first straight guy I've taken, Nigel." Will looks down over at Nigel's neglected drink, avoiding his eyes. "And, I don't think it's shameful to be a woman, so I have no issues with being treated like a woman."

"At least during scenes like this. I'm very much a man, as unfortunate as it is." Will adds, quirking an eyebrow at Nigel.

Nigel nods back at him, expressing that he has no issue with how confident Will is with his masculinity that he's unaffected by such treatment.

"Thank you.. for bringing my wardrobe. I'll get dressed and see you in a little while." Nigel pushes, asking Will to leave.

"Of course." Will says, then exits Nigel's dressing without another word.

Nigel moves to grab his whiskey glass, downing its contents in one gulp. He takes the shirt and pants off of the single hanger, and slips them over his almost naked form.

There were no shoes provided, so he just pulls on his own. He sits down at the table again to look over the script once more.

He's already memorized his lines, and when he's supposed to say it, so he's not stressed about that. He's just distracting himself, keeping himself in his dressing room until he's called out. He doesn't want to seem too eager.

He's skimming over the last few lines when there's a knock at his door, then Molly's voice, notifying him that they're ready to begin the shoot.

Nigel takes a final breath, then makes his way out to the set they've staged for the two actors.

Nigel is to be playing the role of "straight guy who fucks his girlfriend's brother." and Will is to be playing.. the brother.

It's pretty cliché but Nigel is used to cliché roleplay by now, he's done so many shoots with so many cliché roles.

Will is laid out on a fairly large bed, either a queen or king mattress, reading a book with no title on it. He's clean shaven, and dressed in a skimpy little skirt, thigh high socks, and a pink little bra that covers his nipples and a small portion of his pecs..

The director is speaking to him currently, they laugh together and Will nods his head. Will reaches behind himself, pulling up his skirt. He pulls out a metal butt plug, one obviously

meant to keep him open enough for Nigel.

Nigel blushes at the sight of the large plug, it is still slick with lube, and was just previously up Will's ass.

Beverly comes over with a bag for Will, nudging his shoulder as they laugh together as well. He slips it into the little bag, and Will says a thank you to Bev, before she steps off set.

Will had told the director that he wanted to see Nigel's face when he pulled his plug, but understood that it wasn't in the script. The director laughed, and agreed that it would be quite hilarious, but asked him to remove it so they wouldn't have to redo the take.

Beverly had overheard the conversation, and came over with the bag Will always carried around for his plugs. She told Will that Nigel might have had a heart attack if he's had to remove it from him.

Nigel knew none of this, but was pleased with the light, airy vibe that it gave to the set, everyone was relaxed and laughing.

The director came over to speak with Nigel too, explaining to him a little more about what camera angles they would be trying to capture. Nigel's eyes kept wandering off to a much more interesting topic while the director speaks..

Will.

He's laid out on the bed, stretching his arms over his head as he waits for Nigel to be done with the director. He looks so pretty in the feminine clothing, his hair long and bouncy with his natural curls.

The director finishes his spiel quickly and releases Nigel off to go get set. He'll be starting from just outside of the door, so he makes his way to his starting position.

It doesn't take long for Nigel to hear the countdown, then the loud call for "Action!"

There's supposed to be a long moment of just Will, showing off his muscular body in slutty attire to the camera as he reads his book.

Nigel waits until the director gives him the thumbs up before he opens the door, bursting into Will's private time.

"Where the fuck is your sister at?" Nigel growls out, staring daggers into Will's eyes when he looks up.

"How would I know?" Will rolls his eyes and flips the page to the next. He rubs his thighs together in a teasing, comfortable gesture.

"Why the fuck are you wearing her clothes? Fucking freak." Nigel bites, scanning his eyes over Will's body.

The camera moves closer to get a close up shot of Will when he says the next line,

“Cause I knew you’d be coming over.”

Nigel brings his strong hand up to comb through his hair, taking a moment to contemplate what Will had said to him.

The camera moves back, getting a shot of the both of them again. The tension in the room looks heavy between the two actors on screen.

“I’m sure she’ll be back in a little bit, if you’d like to wait in here.” Will speaks innocently, shutting his book before placing it on the nightstand.

He rolls over on his side, his face towards the camera. Nigel takes up the offer given, and moves to sit on the bed near Will’s feet, his body facing the same way as the younger man’s.

Nigel makes sure to make his movements as still as possible, feigning discomfort. It’s all implied in the script with Will’s next line, so it’s not hard to act upon.

“Why are you so tense, big boy?” Will coos to him, moving his legs so one of his feet comes to pet down Nigel’s thigh.

Nigel lets out a huff, moving his body away from Will, purposely not looking at him.

The camera gets a close up of Will rising from his laying position, his skirt moving slightly over to show his erect length.

He lays his torso out against Nigel’s thighs, and looks up at him innocently. He waits another beat for the cameras to catch up before he speaks.

“C’mon Nigel.. no need to act so cold.” He whines, and wiggles his butt teasingly. The action makes his skirt ride up on his hairy thighs.

Nigel looks down at him, then to his ass, which is still being waved around, trying to tempt the “straight boyfriend” to give into his girlfriend’s brother’s naughty temptations.

Will presses a kiss down into Nigel’s crotch, and he lets out a fake groan. He moves one of his hands down to toy with Will’s ass.

It’s just as plush as it looks in the rest of Will’s films, Nigel thinks to himself. He traces his fingers up to pull at the skirt, revealing Will’s loose hole to the camera.

“I knew you wouldn’t be able to resist this outfit.” Will speaks, reaching to undo Nigel’s belt and fly. His fingers graze over Nigel’s erection when he does, and Nigel suddenly feels the excitement of the reality of the situation.

Nigel recalls the script and speaks, palming Will’s ass as he does. “How could I resist with such a pretty, slutty lady teasing me?”

Will lets out a long groan when Nigel’s finger teases his ring of muscle. He’s still wet from whatever kind of lube he used to insert the plug.

“So wet for me.” Nigel mumbles, moving to kneel on the bed, actively forcing Will to move his body too. He does so gracefully.

Nigel’s now supposed to worship Will’s body, and Will picks the perfect position for it. He’s leaned back on his elbows, head resting on the headboard. His body is laid out, his legs spread and welcoming.

The front of his skirt is pooled in his lap, erect penis out in the open to see. Nigel starts low with his kisses, starting on his socks and making his way up to Will’s inner thigh.

Will’s hole puckers and pulses when Nigel’s nose bumps into his balls, pulling a soft whine from his throat. Nigel smiles into the crease of Will’s thigh.

“How long have you waited for the opportunity to steal my girlfriend’s clothes, huh?” Nigel says, grabbing onto a handful of Will’s meaty thigh.

“I knew that this was the only way to get you to touch me.” He huffs out as if it was obvious.

Nigel sneaks out a smile when he rubs at Will’s perenium, the younger man keening under the press of strong fingers.

“Such a pretty pussy..” Nigel praises, moving his fingers from the space between to his asshole, rubbing the same rough circles.

Though, Nigel is just saying his lines.. he has to admit that Will does have very pretty genitals, they’re waxed, and his hole has definitely been bleached, because it’s a pretty pink color.

Nigel’s fingertip slips into Will’s hole accidentally, and it startles Will only slightly. They’re not supposed to have any fingering in this scene, but Nigel improvises.

He sticks in another finger, stretching Will by flexing them apart. Then he spits on his hole, supplying some extra lubrication. He pulls his fingers out then, heading back to the script.

“Is this really what you wanted?” Nigel questions as he slips the undone belt out of the loops on his pants. “To be treated like a slut? Like a sissy, perhaps?”

Will lets out a scripted whine, wiggling where he lays out. This is the point where they’re supposed to flip and fuck.

“Fuck yes. I want you, Nigel.” Will goes off script, reaching for Nigel’s neck. Nigel feels the need to go along with it, leaning down so Will can mouth at his Burlesque girl tattoo.

Nigel takes this time to shed his button up shirt and pants, head high on the sensations of Will’s skilled tongue against his hot flesh.

He groans when Will’s sharp nails scratch down his hairy chest. He doesn’t understand why Will has decided to stray so far off the script.

Until their lips connect. It all makes sense in that moment. It's just him and Will in the room when their lips are locked. Will is giving Nigel all his passion with this kiss, and Nigel is eager to reciprocate.

The director hasn't called for a cut, so they continue. Nigel's hands smooth their way Will's flanks to play with the soft bra rested on his chest. Nigel can feel Will's erect nipples through the fabric, since there's no padding.

Their lips disconnect when Will pulls back, looking up at him with a new kind of desire. One that's not just for the camera.

"I need you." He whispers to Nigel, their faces just a few inches away.

Something inside of Nigel snaps at the knowledge that to Will.. Nigel isn't just his co-star in a porn. This is something he craves, something he needs from Nigel. He needs Nigel to be satisfied.

Nigel never considered that Will could have looked him up, and even requested to work with him. Molly often times doesn't turn down requests.. which would make sense as to why Nigel is shooting a gay porn right now.

Will wants him.

Nigel picks up Will by his armpits, flipping him over before slamming him down on the bedsheets. The camera creeps closer for a better view like an unwanted stalker.

"I'll give you just what you need, William." Nigel whispers right into Will's ear, his bulge pressed wonderfully into the perk bubble butt under him.

Will lets out a groan at the words, his breath hitching when Nigel grinds down into his ass. Nigel sits up for a moment to strip himself of his boxers, then pull on Will's hips to sit him up to a mounting position.

Nigel grabs his own penis and slaps it over Will's hole a few times, continuing the script as if they never strayed away from it. "You want my cock in your pussy, hm?"

"F-fuck. Yes, yes, please." Will whines, bringing his hands back to spread his cheeks. He's looking right over his shoulder into Nigel's eyes when he enters.

Nigel has to hold onto Will's hips to prevent himself from crumpling over the smaller man.

Will feels so fucking right, so fucking good around his cock. Nigel should have put on a fucking clear cock ring before shooting. There's no way in hell he's going to last long, even with his discipline and his (usual) stamina.

Will's face twists into one of discomfort once Nigel's in all the way. He wishes that he had stretched himself better.

"So fucking big." Will cries out, rocking his hips in encouragement to get Nigel to move, to replace his pain with pleasure. "Fuck my pussy, big boy."

Nigel doesn't remember that in the script, and quite frankly, he doesn't care. That was so fucking hot. Will is so fucking hot.

Nigel starts fucking into Will, a steady, slow pace that the both of them can maintain together.

Will's ass is bouncing with each of Nigel's thrusts, which are gradually picking up pace as their pleasure increases.

One of Nigel's hands scramble to hold onto Will's bra strap, and he's surprised at how sturdy a handle it is.

He shifts his hips, aiming towards the spot that Beverly told him about. He isn't sure he's found it until Will lets out a sharp gasp.

He does his best to keep his pace and intensity the same as before, now that he's positioned better inside of Will.

"Shh-shhittt." Will hisses out, his brain becoming mush under Nigel's abuse of his prostate. He's scrambling to find something to hold onto when his torso is lifted off the bed. One of Nigel's hands is holding him up by his hips, continuing his thrusts without much pause.

Nigel is still fucking into his prostate in this brand new position, their bodies pulled flush together. Nigel's other hand leaves Will's bra strap to wrap around his throat, a light, grounding pressure.

Will wants to praise Nigel, but he can't find his words. Which he guesses.. is praise enough. He's just moaning and gasping at this point, toes curled and hands wrapped around Nigel's ass cheeks in an attempt to keep himself upright.

"Did I fuck your brains out, gorgeous?" Nigel asks through his pants. He added the last name on his own, it's not in the script, and he doesn't miss the way Will groans at the familiar nickname.

"I-" Will tries, digging his nails into Nigel's ass as he tried to form a praise. He's been reduced to a panting, sweaty, and incoherent mess because of Nigel's perfect aim.. and his perfect hips.

Will groans once more on a particularly harsh thrust, one that pulls him over the edge all too quickly. He's coming all over his own stomach, and the bedsheets in an instant.

"Yes, good girl." Nigel pinches out his last line on the script, the one he was scripted to say whenever Will came under his influence.

He's spilling his own seed inside of Will not even a second later, he presses a groan into Will's shoulder as he does.

Will cranes his head back to kiss Nigel sloppily, both of them barely staying upright as they ride out their post-orgasm high.

Will has the final line written on the script, and he says it just loud enough for the camera to hear, “My sister has never made you cum that fucking hard, has she?”

Nigel hears the actor call “Cut!”, and Will collapses out of his grasp and onto the dirtied bedsheets. He’s still trying to catch his breath when Nigel pulls out.

Nigel watches in fascination as his cum dribbles out of Will’s spent hole. There’s such a large volume of it that he’s speaking before he even realizes.

“I guess she fucking hasn’t.”

Will turns his head to smile back at Nigel. He’s also very pleased at how much Nigel came inside him. It makes his chest swell with pride.

“Are you free later tonight, by any chance?” Will questions, and he hopes no one hears his offer, except for Nigel, of course.

Nigel does hear, and he huffs out a small laugh at the blatant offer.

“I’m free for you, gorgeous.” He flirts, grabbing a handful of Will’s relaxed, plump ass.

“I’ll have Bev text you the details.” Will explains. He sits up slowly, then stands.

Nigel looks at him for a moment, not sure what to say, or do. He looks around the room and sees that everyone is occupied doing their own thing.

So, he lets his own body do what it wants. He reaches over to grab Will’s hips, and pulls him in to stand between his spread thighs.

“I look forward to getting to know more of you, William.” Nigel speaks softly, leaning up to place a kiss on his cheek.

Will pulls back quickly, then pushes forward, forcing their lips to meet.

None of this is for a camera. This is Nigel following his desires.

He desires Will.

Maybe he’s not as straight as he thought.

End Notes

I'm so very sorry that this is a two chapter fic.. I originally planned to have it be a oneshot, but it strayed away from what I wanted it to originally look like.

But I like this much better ;))

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!